

# The Dying Soldier Boy.

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Somewhere out in Flanders  
There is a lonely spot  
That will linger in our memory,  
For it cannot be forgot.  
A soldier boy is lying,  
For that is where he died,  
When the battle raged in fury  
At the turning of the tide

The sturdy captain shouted  
Along the crowded line,  
Which one of you will volunteer  
To break the German line?  
Tho' the shells and shrapnel bursting  
As they fell upon the ground,  
Tore the earth all up like ditches  
For miles and miles around

One brave and young lieutenant stood up  
Without a thought of fear,  
'Tho' the deadly bombs and bullets  
Fairly whistled past his ear  
He volunteered to lead the men  
On that fatal day's patrol,  
To cut the German's wires,  
Yet death rang through his soul

Slowly they crept away,  
For they could scarcely wait  
To reach the German trenches—  
That place of bitter hate